

## The Critic

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## Mr. Stillman and the Museum of Art.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

In printing my note on the Metropolitan Museum and 'Col. di Cesnola' in THE CRITIC of March 31, you suggested, by the contiguity of the appeal of the Archaeological Institute for funds to carry on its work, the most caustic satire on our notion of archaeology that the most cruel American-hater could have devised. You call on behalf of the Institute for aid in archaeological investigation from a community which so contemptuously regards a collection of antiquities (which, if not what was wanted in American art-culture, at least had a certain archaeological value, and had cost a sum of money enough to pay all the expeditions of the Institute for years) that its custodian and public opinion are totally indifferent to accusations of destruction of it made on responsible authority,—accusations so grave that one of the most careful French archaeologists writes of it, after having read the article in *The Century*, that 'the Board of the Metropolitan Museum ought to elect a new commission to obtain an elaborate report concerning the present state of the collection. If this *enquête* is not made, the value of the collection will remain forever much impaired.' Another well-known English writer on archaeology and art said to me a few days ago, 'The entire collection has lost its archaeological value under such reckless treatment.' He too had been reading *The Century* article. The plain fact is that, excepting metal and glass, no object in the entire Museum under the charge of 'Col. di Cesnola' retains the original value, and articles treated as those alluded to specially by the editor of *The Century* have no value whatever, other than that a repainted old master would have, and a board of trustees who should accept the responsibility of indorsing a wholesale falsification of the objects intrusted to them such as no museum in the world has been responsible for hitherto, would show clearly that either they have no conception of the nature of a Museum or are indifferent to the responsibility they have assumed. Cesnola is not so much to blame for the thing as it stands as the Trustees. He has no knowledge of archaeology or art, and doubtless thought that the collection was really better for the polishing up and revamping and beautifying which he put the statues through; and did not understand that it was

not the sandstone itself, or the pretty shapes his stone-cutters could put on it, which made its value, but the exact shade of refinement and quality of execution of its original state as disinterred. There is no doubt that he would have rejoiced in having excavated Greek statues of the best period and thought it a most praiseworthy work to bring those he found to that standard of beauty and refinement. But that gentlemen, and educated American gentlemen too, who have constituted themselves or been constituted guardians of such a collection, should permit such wholesale wiping out of all the value such work can have—i.e. purely archaeological—as the article in *The Century* shows to have taken place, is an instance of neglect of self-assumed duty no other community, I am certain, can show. The skinning of old masters is nothing to it.

But the fact is that the entire history of the collection is a reproach to the Museum authorities. What was wanted in New York was an art-museum in which public art-education could be forwarded. Any collection of casts of Greek statues would have done what was wanted better than this. It has no value whatever as art in the sense in which we are studying art as a community. Its value, purely archaeological as I have said, is even at that very narrow. The Cypriote antiquities have a very high importance in their position in relation to the antiquities of Egypt, Assyria, Phœnicia and Greece, showing certain connections in civilization, mythology and art which were never brought out by any other work. They form in fact a sort of guide-board—a finger-post, standing at the junction of several ways, and have an inestimable value as a whole in doing the duty of a finger-post in a great collection like that of the Louvre or the British Museum. A large part of the Metropolitan Museum collection is duplicated already in those great museums, so that the ignorant restorations of ours have done no harm to archaeology; but so far as it goes the damage done to unique samples of Cypriote work is irreparable and brutal desecration. We have got in New York the finger-post which we are, so far as we can (and for this the Trustees must accept responsibility), destroying the value of, while the British Museum, the Louvre and the Berlin Museum have got the roads it points to. It is about as intelligent to set it up at New York as for a farmer to take up a milestone from its place in the highway and plant it in his door-yard, and then amuse himself by altering the inscription to make it a good grave-stone. Those unfortunate people seem to have supposed that because the British Museum could afford to pay £10,000 for a collection which filled up certain lacunæ in its own, that the city of New York could afford £16,000 for what had no relations to anything in the new world. When we look at it in the commercial light, it becomes really funny. But even here there was a gross misstatement. The British Museum would not have accepted the Cesnola collection as a gift on condition that it should be kept entire and retain the name of the noble\* excavator.

The real wrong that 'Col. di Cesnola' has done, apart from the proven mutilations, is to have destroyed all faith in the authenticity of every object in the collection; not merely by ignorant and misleading restoration, but by still worse mislocation of his finds. The chief value to archaeology of any object is in knowing where, and under what circumstances, it was found. Now, while Cesnola states that he found a certain number of statues at Golgos and in one temple, I have the unquestionable

\* Why should Col. di Cesnola, being an American citizen, sign his name in the *Times* 'Cesnola'?—as who should say 'Granville,' 'Argyll,' or 'Bath.'

authority of Sandwith, the English consul at Cyprus after Cesnola, for saying that the collection so qualified was in reality found mostly at two widely-separated localities, and in ruins evidently separated in their construction by at least two centuries. I don't believe that the excavator really knows where he found many objects, because there is no object gained in putting them in other localities than those they were found in, and I attribute it entirely to his ignorance of archaeological requirements that he so recklessly shifts his ground;—unfortunate recklessness, for the value of the collection is greatly reduced by it. The smallest spark of scientific ardor, or the lowest degree of archaeological knowledge, would have shown him that the certainty of provenance is in most cases even an added *pecuniary* value. A flint arrow-head in certain localities becomes a revelation; in another it has no importance whatever.

So of Cesnola's three-story cemetery. There was *no such thing*, but a knoll into which the ancients had burrowed for interments during centuries, and without chronological order of any kind; so that sometimes the later burrow went in below an older one, and sometimes above. Imagine what anarchy in archaeology such carelessness might produce—imagine what utter want of scientific instinct or education one must labor under to be guilty of it. And this I believe to be the real secret of the whole thing: The Director of the Museum has not the slightest comprehension of the relation of archaeological data. His military education might be expected to teach him the sense of honor and veracity, but not of archaeology. W. J. STILLMAN.

FLORENCE, ITALY, April 14, 1883.

### Literature

#### "Living English Poets." \*

If we can suppose an intelligent reader with no knowledge of what the living English poets have written, we should not advise him to read this book, partly because it is pretentious, and partly because it is unjust. The editors, who have wisely concealed their names, assume that they have prepared an anthology which aims at being no casual or desultory assemblage of beautiful poems, but one which presents in chronological order examples of the highest attainment, and none but the highest, of the principal poets of our own age. The wealth of English poetry in this century is so great, they tell us, its field so varied, and its execution so versatile, that the difficulty has been to know how to repress and omit. In making such a selection they felt that it was of the highest importance to avoid anything like narrowness of aim, and to secure exemption from the prejudices and the partialities of any one school. They believe that they have been scrupulously catholic in their views; they have not undertaken the work in haste, and they are anxious to record that, as far as they are able to learn, there is no living writer of verse, whose works have enjoyed any reputation in a wide or narrow circle, to whom they have not given their unbiassed consideration, and consequently if any names are found to be omitted the editors take upon themselves the responsibility of having felt obliged to omit them deliberately. The arrogance of this preface is at once comical and irritating—comical because it implies an importance which can never attach to the editing of such a selection, and irritating because it seeks to settle

in a lordly, offhand way the intellectual position of living English poets.

The reader of this book, for no doubt it will have readers, naturally turns to it to see by what poem, or poems, his favorite author is represented; he runs his eye hastily over the contents, and finds that he is not represented at all. He wonders why he was omitted, but he need not, for the editors have already as good as told him that his opinion is of no consequence. They have given only the highest attainment of the principal poets, and if he misses a favorite from among them it is because he is not one of the principal poets. Let us see who some of these are: Thomas Gordon Hake, William Cory, William Alexander, Thomas Woolner, Lewis Morris, Richard Watson Dixon, John Addington Symonds, Harriet E. Hamilton King, William John Courthope, Frederick W. H. Myers, Robert Bridges, Theophile Marzials, and A. Mary F. Robinson. Who are these thirteen immortals, and what have they done that they should be foisted among living English poets? What, for instance, has Mr. Thomas Gordon Hake written that justifies his claim to rank among the principal poets of our age? He is represented here by twenty-one stanzas about a snake-charmer, which are very dreary reading. He should have written better things than that, for he is now in his seventy-fourth year. There is not a name, indeed, that we have specified which does not provoke questions which cannot be satisfactorily answered. The fact is,—we may as well speak plainly about it,—the book is the production of a clique: many of the names that are included prove this, as well as many of the names that are excluded. We will mention some of the latter in the order that they occur to us: Frederick Locker, Edwin Arnold, Gerald Massey, William Allingham, Charles Mackay, George Meredith, Thomas Westwood, Dinah Maria Muloch Craik, Alfred Austin, and Arthur J. Munby. The names of these poets, whether they rank among principal poets or not, are certainly known, which is more than can be said of the names of the immortal baker's dozen.

But there are other faults than the deliberate omission of certain names from the bead-roll of living English poets in this volume, and foremost among them is the injury that is done to several of the elder poets by inadequate representation. It is a great injustice to Sir Henry Taylor to select a lyric of only two stanzas from 'Philip Van Artevelde'; it is an injustice to Richard Hengist Horne to select less than eighty lines, and not good lines at that, from his noble epic of Orion; and it is an injustice to Philip James Bailey to select only thirty lines from his *Festus*.

The editors of 'Living English Poets' may not know it, but Horne is a great dramatist, a much greater dramatist in the old Shakspearean sense than any man now writing in England. They should have planned their work on a scale that would have admitted something from 'Cosmo de' Medici,' or the 'Death of Marlowe.' The critical judgment that could select two hundred and thirty-four lines from Barnes, two hundred and four from Trench, one hundred and fifty-eight from Patmore, and less than eighty from Horne is not to be envied. That there may be different degrees of excellence among the thirty-six living English poets in this collection seems never to have occurred to its compilers. All was grist that came to their mill, and wheat and chaff were alike acceptable to them; if they have shown any preference, it has rather been for the chaff than the wheat. The extracts from Tennyson, for

\* Living English Poets. Boston: Roberts Brothers.



example, are as bad as if they had been made with malice prepense. A friendly hand would scarcely have selected 'The Sailor Boy' and 'Will' as being among the highest attainments of his genius; and to represent Browning by such poems as 'Waring' and 'Instans Tyrannus' is certainly to belittle him. If any rule can be said to obtain in so ill-edited a volume, it is that the greater the poet is the worse he appears in it. This grievous circumstance may result from the immature taste of the editors, or it may result from a spirit of depreciation which seeks to level down rather than up.

With all their faults, however, and they are many and serious, the editors have fairly represented the product of the present school of English song. Superior to all the schools which have preceded it in the matter of technique, which has never before been carried to such a pitch of perfection, it is inferior to all in intention, and pursuit, and achievement,—in the substance or body of its meaning, and in the value and permanence of its thought. Before it came in fashion, the poet was expected to say something that was worth listening to; to-day nothing of the sort is expected from him. He has a rich and varied vocabulary, the chief use of which is to conceal his want of sense. It is abundant, sonorous, recondite, and always picturesque, for every poet now is a word-painter, not quite a Turner, perhaps, but certainly a Whistler. Art for art's sake is the cry on Parnassus, and every cuckoo echoes it. By-and-by it will change into something better—perhaps into art for heart's sake, which was the only art that the great masters practised.

#### Mr. Dobson's "Henry Fielding."\*

IT IS STRANGE that Mr. Morley's series was allowed to pass its thirtieth volume before it contained a criticism of the life and works of the real founder of the English novel—the only branch of literature in which the English have been indisputably first and foremost from Fielding's day to ours. It is fortunate that when the volume did come to be written it should be the work of a writer who has absolutely mastered the period, and who, in all that pertains to the life and times of Fielding, can speak as one having authority. There is here none of the perfunctory task-work which disfigured Mr. Ward's 'Chaucer' and Mr. Minto's 'Defoe'; there is here none of the high-flown gush which made Mr. Symonds's 'Shelley' insufferable to a sane man; there is here none of the high-and-dry machine-work which made Mr. Saintsbury's 'Dryden' almost unreadable. The book has plainly been a labor of love—a love which spared no pains and thought no trouble too great. Mr. Dobson's extraordinary knowledge of the XVIIIth century—a knowledge as broad as it is minute—has been revealed to us before, but never has it been seen to such advantage as in this small volume. There is nowhere in these pages any taint of the book-maker, and nowhere is the slightest suspicion aroused that the author had to read up his subject. On the contrary, he speaks out of the abundance of knowledge. In his poems, in his prefaces to Gay's Fables and to his own selection of 'Eighteenth Century Essays,' in his lives of Hogarth and Bewick, Mr. Dobson has shown us with delight the patient study he has given to the men, the manners, and the modes of thought of the last century. It is with his little sketch of Hogarth that we are moved to rank this Life of Fielding, more especially because Mr. Dobson himself

is continually, and with infinite art and judgment, using Hogarth to illustrate Fielding and Fielding to explain Hogarth. These two names stand out in bold relief, and they stand side by side. Those who bore them were friends in the flesh, and it is fit that in their fame they should not be parted. Mr. Dobson quotes a fragment of Fielding's praise of Hogarth, and we recall that almost the highest praise that Hazlitt could bestow on Fielding was to declare that, 'as a painter of real life, he was equal to Hogarth.' They were both great satirists and great moralists; and nowadays neither can fairly be called spoon-meat for babes. 'Tom Jones' and 'The Harlot's Progress' are not for prurient boys or squeamish women, but for men strong and sturdy, and capable of recognizing a bold and true picture of life. But heaven have mercy on the man or woman whom Hogarth's pictures or Fielding's story could in any way corrupt.

Mr. Dobson's untiring industry and his wide knowledge of the literature of the period have enabled him to correct in many particulars the current accounts of Fielding's career. For the first time we have now a plain statement of the chief facts in Fielding's life, set free from all the cloudy legend which clusters about famous names. It is pleasant to see from Mr. Dobson's generous acknowledgments that it was the late Col. Chester who furnished him with the exact dates of Fielding's second marriage and of the births of his younger children. The absurd tale of his having had a theatrical booth at Bartholomew Fair is also thoroughly exploded. And the constant paper warfare with the Cibbers is now for the first time fully set forth.

#### President Gilman's "James Monroe."\*

IT IS NOT President Gilman's fault if his Life of Monroe is not a lively book. Mr. Monroe was not a lively person, and that period of his life when he was most eminent was, except for one event, the dulllest period in the first centenary of the history of the United States. It was called the 'era of good feeling'; and such eras in nations, as in families, are not unfrequently the calm of subdued feeling only, and of fatigue, when the members of the household, national or domestic, tired of the storm, cry out with one voice, 'Let us have peace.' Such was the period of Monroe's Presidency. The two parties worn out with the strife of years, the country exhausted with a foreign war, everybody was glad of a season of quiet, and tried to persuade himself that it was amiability and not exhaustion which had overcome him. It is not easy to get much that is interesting out of such periods; and the difficulty is increased if the attempt is made through the life of a man who had not a single brilliant quality of mind and only one trait of character (and that not an uncommon one) to explain why he became eminent at all. Mr. Monroe was a commonplace man, but he was also a persevering one. It is a valuable quality, and supplies the lack, so far as success goes, of a good many others. It was useless for Fate to contend against Mr. Monroe. She might show him the door, as she did more than once—she might occasionally even kick him down-stairs, but it never discouraged him. He was always ready to pick up his hat and smilingly put his foot again on the lowest step for another ascent, till Fate herself at last succumbed and gave him the best seat and a welcome. We have had presidents who may be for all time the admiration of men; presidents

\* Henry Fielding. By Austin Dobson. (English-Men-of-Letters. Edited by John Morley.) New York: Harper & Bros.

\* James Monroe. By Daniel C. Gilman. (American Statesmen.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

who may be held up to the most ordinary mortals as a warning; but not many—Mr. Monroe being chief of them—whose memories should be cherished as perpetual examples for American youth who aspire to be Presidents, or indeed anything else, that persistence, without much regard to other qualities, is the great secret of success.

Mr. Gilman hopes there may yet be a biography of Mr. Monroe that shall be fuller than he has had time and space to make this one. It is a modest suggestion; but he has made the most that can be made of the subject, and we venture to doubt if any other writer will ever see so much in it as he has. The biography is necessarily a review of the political events of Mr. Monroe's time, and is altogether a just and impartial one. No serious mistakes probably will be detected in it, except the repetition of the blunder committed in a volume of the Census of 1870 in the Map of United States Territory in 1803. The United States had, at that time, no territory in the north-west, west of the Rocky Mountains.

#### "The Led-Horse Claim."\*

MRS. FOOTE's first novel has raised her to a level on which she is only to be compared with our best women novelists. To make this comparison briefly, Miss Woolson observes keenly, Mrs. Burnett writes charmingly, and Mrs. Foote feels intensely. Thus, while Mrs. Burnett's style is rambling, and Miss Woolson's diffuse, Mrs. Foote's is one of unusual concentration. Try to recall 'Anne,' and you will find yourself smiling at the remembrance of a hundred charming things in it; try to recall this 'Romance of a Mining-Camp,' and you will see before you always and exclusively the Mining-Camp and the two people whose lives were determined by its influences. If, in a single novel, Miss Woolson exhibits broader knowledge of the world and of human nature, Mrs. Foote shows at least accurate and intimate acquaintance with the few scenes and people she has chosen to describe. Her story is, indeed, a study rather than a novel; a study not only of few characters, but of a few leading incidents in the lives of those characters; and she surrounds her people with an atmosphere.

Having chosen the atmosphere of a mining-camp, it is surely not the least of the compliments we would pay Mrs. Foote to congratulate her on the refinement with which she has managed her 'properties.' By this we do not mean merely that she reveals, like Bret Harte, the refinement of nature latent in the rough men of the West; but that she deals with refinements of manner, of voice, of taste, of culture, which to many good Eastern people are as the breath of life. Though she has given us the romance of a mining-camp, it is not the romance of a miner—that excellent-hearted fellow with the wild tongue whom we have usually met in novels of the West: it is the romance of the superintendent of one mine, and the sister of the superintendent of another, the one a gentleman, the other a lady, both of Eastern birth, education and tastes; and the problem is to show how the atmosphere of the camp affected the manliness of the one and the gentleness of the other. Even in treating the rougher elements of the scene, we do not see that Mrs. Foote's refinement leaves anything lacking in vividness. When she tells us briefly of her miners that 'some of them, it is to be feared, had known moments which were not those of aspiration,' we see them as clearly as if we had been

introduced to an entire bar-room of slang and revolvers. The story is a sad one, absolutely unrelieved by humor of any kind; and the wedding is certainly the most melancholy one in all fiction. But here again Mrs. Foote's refinement of feeling has led her to absolute fidelity in art.

We have been so charmed with the refinement of the story, that we have hardly alluded to its power; but it contains chapters dramatic and strong in the extreme. The scene between the lovers underground in the mines is very striking, where the girl is left in utter darkness, unable to see but hearing 'the far-off indistinct echoes of life, and subanimate mutterings, the slow respirations of the rocks, drinking air and oozing moisture through their sluggish pores, swelling and pushing against their straightening bonds of timber.' We have said that the story is unrelieved by humor, but it is relieved by light touches. The nearest approach to humor is the interview between Mr. Godfrey and Cecil, and the telegram in which the cautious directors 'deplore' the measures which resulted in loss of life, though they do not hesitate to pocket the dividends thus secured to them. Nothing in the story is more artistic than its close. It ends, not with the wedding, but with an exquisite bit of pathos alluding to the grave beside his mother's of the misguided brother who had caused all the sadness in the book.

#### Miss Robinson's "Emily Brontë."\*

THE biographer who finds such material before him as the lives and characters of the Brontë family need have no anxiety as to the interest of his work. Characters not only strong but so uniquely strong, genius so supreme, misfortunes so overwhelming, set in scenery so forlornly picturesque, could not fail to attract all readers, if told even in the most prosaic language. When we add to this that Miss Robinson has told their story *not* in prosaic language, but with a literary style exhibiting all the qualities essential to good biography, our readers will understand that this *Life of Emily Brontë* is not only as interesting as a novel, but a great deal more interesting than most novels. As it presents most vividly a general picture of the family, there seems hardly a reason for giving it Emily's name alone, except perhaps for the masterly chapters on 'Wuthering Heights,' which the reader will find a grateful condensation of the best in that powerful but somewhat forbidding story. It is a relief to know from Miss Robinson's work that the Brontës were not only strong and patient, but sometimes actually cheerful. Who that has felt the satisfaction of being 'busy' will not recognize the cheerful 'note' in Charlotte's exclamation, 'There is much to be done,' when she begins her preparations for the long desired school? To our mind it does not detract from, but rather heightens, the bitterness of the disappointment that followed. We know of no point in the Brontë history—their genius, their surroundings, their faults, their happiness, their misery, their love and friendships, their peculiarities, their power, their gentleness, their patience, their pride—which Miss Robinson has not touched upon with conscientiousness and sympathy.

#### Spielhagen's Theory of Novel-Writing.†

HERR SPIELHAGEN has told tales out of school; but no one is really much the wiser after having read his

\* Emily Brontë. By A. Mary F. Robinson. (Famous Women Series.) Roberts Brothers.

† Beiträge zur Theorie und Technik des Romans. Von Friedrich Spielhagen. Leipzig: Verlag von L. Staackmann.

\* The Led-Horse Claim. By Mary Hallock Foote. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.



'Contributions to the Theory and Technics of the Novel.' At all events, we do not anticipate any sudden epidemic of novel-writing, now that the secret has leaked out and a peep behind the curtain has been vouchsafed to the curious public. If Herr Spielhagen had brought about such a result, his responsibility would indeed have been a heavy one. But, as far as we can judge, he has had no such reprehensible intentions. He seems to have written for his own edification, and for that of his brother-authors, trying to systematize and account for the processes of thought which go to the making of a good novel. He apparently does not share the late Anthony Trollope's notion that novel-writing is a sort of trade for which any fairly-endowed individual may be trained with a good chance of success. As a primer in novel-writing the present volume would be a conspicuous failure. Scarcely one maxim of general application could be deduced from it, unless it be the very questionable one, that 'the first germ of a novel and the first dawning idea of a definite central figure are absolutely identical.' In other words, Herr Spielhagen cannot conceive of a novel without a hero, and still less of a hero whose personality has been fashioned primarily with a view to illustrating certain phases of society, the characterization of which was the author's principal object. He therefore contends that George Eliot's 'Middlemarch' is not a novel, but a series of novels, the first of which centres in the character of Dorothea Brooke, while the second, which has little or nothing to do with the first, has Lydgate for its hero. Even the Bulstrode incident and the idyl of Frederick Vincy and Mary Garth refuse to conform to his rigid æsthetic principles. From his point of view there is, of course, no escape from this conclusion, as it is obvious that it was the village of 'Middlemarch' in its entirety which first dawned in George Eliot's mind, and the lives and characters of Dorothea, Lydgate, Bulstrode, etc., have their value primarily as exponents of the civilization peculiar to English provincial society. It is not to be denied that this provincial civilization could not have been illustrated in novel-form without these or similar concrete characters, but the conception of Middlemarch society could have had a certain definiteness in the author's imagination before these figures had assumed a tangible shape.

It is interesting to know, as a revelation of Herr Spielhagen's method of writing, that he has a living prototype for every one of his heroes and heroines, and even for the subordinate characters in his novels; but we are inclined to believe that his generalizations are a little too sweeping, when he asserts that no other method is possible. We happen to remember another novelist, whose fame is scarcely second to that of any living writer, who maintained that the imagination has a certain microcosmic quality, and that as soon as a mere embryonic germ of a character has found lodgment in it, it is apt to assimilate from the substance of experience whatever suits its organism and thus develop until it reaches its perfect growth. Experience, of course, is derived from observation of life; but from its multitudinous elements a character may well develop, whose exact counterpart had never met the author's eye, although he does not question that somewhere it may exist. Again, a hint full of fertile suggestions may be derived from the traits of some living person, but the type may be strengthened and purified, and accidental peculiarities of minor significance eliminated with advantage to the artistic consistency of the character. This process is scarcely less legitimate than

the one which Herr Spielhagen describes; although it is more truly creative, it has by no means the effect of severing fiction from reality and abandoning it to the caprice of an untrammelled fancy.

In defining the limits of the various species of artistic production, Herr Spielhagen enunciates certain æsthetic doctrines, the validity of which we have no desire to question. There is, however, a dogmatic rigidity in his utterances which would make them unpalatable to American readers. His national pride is also apt to run away with him, and his antipathy to France is very perceptible in his judgment of Daudet and the whole modern school of French fiction. Even though Daudet may confound the novel with the novellette or short story, we would be willing to forgive still more heinous æsthetic sins, and still rejoice in the purity of his style, the lightness of his wit, and the dramatic quality of his scenes. Though Auerbach is, as Herr Spielhagen contends, more 'epic' and more æsthetically correct, we would not exchange one 'Nabob' or 'Fromont Jeune' for a dozen 'Walfrieds.'

#### Dr. John Brown's "Spare Hours."\*

THIS is good reading, as everything from the hand of the author of 'Rab and His Friends' is likely to be. The old Scotch humor—the Edinburgh humor—abounds in him, coming down from a long line of divinity-loving Browns, who for a century have walked in and out of the old town and among the hills of lower Scotland, tasting the sweets of university culture, but not forgetting the sweets of warm friendship and social life. While the choice of subjects in the present volume—'Locke and Sydenham,' 'Andrew Combe,' 'Henry Marshall,' 'Art and Science,' 'Free Competition in Medicine,' 'Our Gideon Grays,' etc.—is within the circle of the physician's sympathies and duties, there is a genial application of good sense and homely wit that brings it all within the range of the general understanding. There is more than enough of the kindly, fireside, humorous element to make the matter attractive to the layman. It is not 'doctor's stuff' alone, labelled after the fashion of the schools, and smelling wholly of the shop. Nor will the reader be apt to enjoy the feast any the less for the fact that the good Doctor does not always stick to his theme, or because he seems to regard much that belongs to his theme as irrelevant, and much of himself and his theories relevant. The experience of others gets well shaken up with his own, and takes on a personal coloring, so that it is as much Dr. Brown as it is Locke or Sydenham who speaks. The selections from the men of whom he writes are not unfrequently dictated by his own predilections, and in close conformity with his own theories. And, curiously enough, it is chiefly when read in this light that the essays will find their best justification. A sound, shrewd mind, that observes much and 'ruminates,' transforms everything, and the product of such a mind has the stamp of originality. One recognizes the stamp, and credits the coin with its own peculiar value.

There are some doctors whose medicinal virtue is so strong that we cork them up at once; others whose faces are so wholesome that we draw the owners into our parlors and ask them to brighten the fireside for an evening. Our own Dr. Holmes is of this pattern. With some we like to hear the creaking of the gig as it goes away; with others we welcome the sound as it grows upon the ear. The warm, genial, human sym-

\* Spare Hours. By John Brown, M.D., LL.D. (Third Series, Locke and Sydenham, and Other Papers.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

pathy of John Brown was discovered in Scotland and got credit in Edinburgh forty years ago, and twenty-five years ago it was made known to a wider audience. The impression of it will be deepened and justified by the present volume, which presents many of the old essays. It will have to be said that Locke and Sydenham become exponents and illustrators very often of Dr. Brown's theories, and the favorite theory—one, too, that should find staunch advocates to-day and in all professions—is that deftness of hand and cunning of brain come from experience and actual manipulation more than from theoretical knowledge. 'Every one ought to consider all lecture-room knowledge as only so much outside of himself, which he must, if it is to do him any good, take in moderately, silently, selectly; and by his own gastric juice and *chylopoietics* turn, as he best can, in succum et sanguineus.' The author pictures the defiant helplessness of theory in a single humorous quotation. 'Often,' he says, 'when I see some of our modern Admirable Crichtons leaving their university, armed cap-a-pie, and taking the road, where they are soon to meet with lions of all sorts, I think of King James in his full armor—"Naeboddy daur meddle wi' me, and . . . I daur meddle wi' naeboddy.'" This thought serves as a text for much excellent advice, and gets every shape and accent in the course of these charming essays.

#### Minor Notices.

MR. FREDERICK MARTIN, who founded 'The Statesman's Year-Book,' died before the number for the current year was issued. His place as editor was taken by Mr. J. S. Keltie, who gives signs of proving a worthy successor. The facts are brought down to the latest date. Jules Ferry's new ministry in France is given; the new Electoral Law in Italy is described; the statistics of the budget of Turkey have never before been published; and all the accounts of national constitutions have been re-written. We have often thought that as these accounts do not materially differ from year to year, they might give place to a valuable list of names, like those which are found in the 'Almanach de Gotha.' Still, the editor's plan is to make each volume complete in itself, and in this he is entirely successful.

DAVID PRYDE'S 'Highways of Literature' (Funk & Wagnalls) contains a great many very true and sensible but entirely trite and commonplace observations on the advantages of reading good books. It gives no advice of any practical value. The author tells us that if we do not discover in ourselves any great fondness for good poetry, the first thing to do toward cultivating the necessary taste, is to 'abandon ourselves, when we go into the country, to the genial influences of nature.' He explains this to mean that we are not to take with us either book, fishing-rod, gun, or bottle of champagne; but our own opinion is that a man who does not like nature with champagne certainly would not like her without it. In like manner, the author's advice to fit ourselves for sympathy with our fellow-men, 'first by clearing our minds of all class prejudices,' does not seem to us anything more than a glittering generality.

IF THE STORY of 'The Red Acorn,' by John McElroy (Chicago: Sumner), were not a story of the War, we should probably speak of some very foolish things in it. As it is, we cannot find it in our heart to do more than allude to certain hill-sides which are said to have resembled 'heavily embroidered green velvet'; and to a young lady who, on hearing that her lover had failed to distinguish himself on the field of battle—had not, in fact, been on the battle-field at all—put on mourning and received him on the piazza, with the declaration that she was so dressed because the knowledge of his absence from the field had been 'a much more cruel blow' to her than his 'bodily death' would have been. A red acorn was the badge of the First Division of the Fourteenth Corps, in the Army of the Cumberland, and the author tells us in the preface that 'there are few gatherings of men into which one can go to-day without finding some one wearing, as his most cherished ornament, a red acorn, frequently wrought in gold and studded with precious stones.'

It seems a pity to mingle noble history with second-rate fiction, though there is one really strong chapter in the book: that called 'Aunt Debby Brill.' We understand that this is the first of a series, to be called the Acorn Series. It is a little acorn, but great oaks may grow from it.

'COLIN CLOUT'S CALENDAR,' by Grant Allen (Funk & Wagnalls), will hardly be of great interest to any but botanists, or those ambitious to be botanists; but for them it gives much pleasant information in a quiet and perfectly clear manner. There is no attempt at fine writing; the chapter on grasses, for instance, is not in the least like Ruskin's on the same subject; the style is uniformly that of giving information scientific but not too technical. The observation is as carefully minute as that which enabled Mr. Huxley to draw his famous inference as to the fertility of the clover in any district from knowing the number of old maids.

PROF. WILHELM MÜLLER'S 'Political History of Recent Times—1816-75,' translated and enlarged by Rev. John P. Peters (Harpers), has been for some time on our table. We have read it carefully and candidly, and have no hesitation in giving it a hearty approval. It is more than a text-book for young people: their elders may read it with profit, for it is a clear and concise history of political events in Europe since the fall of Napoleon, not less interesting than it is valuable. Those who are old enough to have been familiar with those events will find nowhere else, that we know of, a volume that will serve so well to recall the past half-century, and to give so clear an understanding of the present conditions and relations of European states.

#### "Documentary Evidence."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

In your issue dated April 28th you very kindly mention a little sketch of mine entitled 'Documentary Evidence' recently published in *The Continent*; and then very unkindly question the originality of my conception of the form in which it is presented, by stating that I should have made an acknowledgment of indebtedness to Messrs. H. C. Bunner and J. B. Matthews, who published a sketch in a similar form four years ago. Had such an acknowledgment been necessary, I should not have written my sketch; and I will state that until the moment of reading the paragraph in *The Critic* I had never heard of the sketch you mention, nor was I aware that *any* sketch of such a nature existed. Although my story is most simple and merely 'clever,' I will not without a protest be condemned as guilty of the literary crime of plagiarism, of 'unconscious cerebration,' or of 'adaptation.' The idea was as wholly original with me as I trust it was with Messrs. Bunner and Matthews.

NEW YORK, May 1, 1883.

H. C. FAULKNER.

#### Lives of Irving.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

In your Irving Centenary number, under the list of Lives of Irving, I did not see any reference to a volume published by Sheldon & Co. in 1879. It was the first of a projected series on American Authors, by Professor (now President) David J. Hill, of the University at Lewisburg, Pa. After the publication of volumes on Irving and Bryant the project halted, and continues to await completion.

S. F. FORGÉUS.

BELLWOOD, PA., April 26, 1883.

#### Wanted, an Authority on Pronunciation.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

In your issue of March 3, you say, in answer to an inquiry, that Worcester and Webster give various methods of pronouncing words, but that neither of them should be taken as an authority in all cases. Where shall we find an authority? Most of us need one.

M. M.

BANGOR, ME., April 17, 1883.

[We know of no orthoepist who can always be relied on.]



## The Critic

NEW YORK, MAY 5, 1883.

HARPER & BROS. will publish next week 'Mosaics of Bible History,' Mr. Lathrop's 'Spanish Vistas' illustrated by C. S. Reinhardt, a new edition of W. P. Frettridge's 'Guide-Book,' 'The Ladies Lindores' by Mrs. Oliphant, and 'A Sea Queen' by W. Clarke Russell.

There is a capital cartoon in *Life* this week. It represents the arrival of a trans-Atlantic steamer, from which two gang-planks lead to the wharf. Down one of these planks descends a crowd of tramps and 'dynamite-fiends' to whom Uncle Sam extends a cordial welcome; while down the other comes a group of vivified works of art, whose further approach is checked by a huge dog named 'Tariff.'

Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke, superintendent of a lunatic asylum in Toronto and author of 'Man's Moral Nature' has in press with David McKay of Philadelphia, 'Walt Whitman: A Study,' which combines biography with criticism. Dr. Bucke has made a careful study of Whitman's works, and has had the advantage of long personal acquaintance with the poet. The book, which will be ready in a fortnight, is to be illustrated with seven full-page plates.

Funk and Wagnalls announce in their Standard Library 'Successful Men of To-day: What They Say of Success,' by Wilbur F. Crafts—a book 'based on facts and incidents gathered from 500 of the most prominent men in the United States.'

Mrs. Alice Wellington Rollins has written for *Harper's Monthly* an article to be called 'Ladies' Day at the Ranch'—a description of life at Monte Carneiro Ranch, the property of E. W. Wellington, D. M. Rollins and Francis Hathaway, at Carneiro, Kansas. The paper—which will be illustrated by Mr. R. Swain Gifford—depicts an aspect of ranch life with which dwellers in the east are unfamiliar.

Mme. Christine Nilsson has written a paper on public singing which will appear in the next number of *The North American Review*. This is not the first time that a prima-donna has appeared as a writer for the magazines. Three years or so ago Miss Clara Louise Kellogg contributed an interesting article on certain Japanese melodies to the pages of *Scribner's Monthly*.

James R. Osgood & Co. will publish immediately J. C. Jeaffreson's 'The Real Lord Byron,' which is said to contain many new facts and new views of the author of 'Don Juan.' Byron's adventurous career in Italy and Greece is described at length, as well as his relations with Lady Byron, Teresa Guiccioli, Tom Moore, and the Scotch reviewers, English scandal-mongers, and Greek warriors.

'Fairy Gold,' by the author of 'A Lesson in Love' in the Round Robin Series, which ran serially in *Lippincott's Magazine*, is to be brought out in book-form next week. The Lippincotts also have nearly ready a compilation by the Rev. Sydney Morris of 'The Wit, Wisdom and Pathos of Ouida.'

'Elementary Practice in Delineation,' by Charles H. Moore, instructor in drawing in Harvard University, will soon be issued by Moses King, of Cambridge, Mass. Besides about twenty pages of text it will contain twenty plates of subjects for copy.

Butcher and Lang's Translation of the 'Odyssey' of Homer appears in handsome form in an edition which bears the imprint of Mr. Moses King.

In 'Moral Emblems' from Jacob Cats and Robert Farlie, translated and edited by Richard Pigot and illustrated by John Leighton—a handsome book, published some years ago by the Longmans—the first verse of 'Home, Sweet Home' is quoted, and the authorship attributed to Barry Cornwall.

Miss Marie A. Brown writes from Stockholm under date of April 10, to say that Messrs. Jansen, McClurg & Co. 'have put fully two-thirds of my translation' of Topelius's 'Gustav Adolf' into their edition of that work. 'Prof. Topelius' she adds, 'has written to me: "Be assured that I will always rejoice at your successes, and that I will always remain your Finnish friend and ally," and has sent me his letter of authorization for my translation, to be used in the forthcoming revised and illustrated edition of "The Surgeon's Stories," for which I am now negotiating with an American publisher, and will soon with an English one.'

The special feature of *The Christian Union* of May 10th will be a discussion of 'Literature for Children' by such well-known writers for the young as J. T. Trowbridge, Charles Barnard, Edward Everett Hale, Frank S. Converse, Eliot McCormick and Horatio Alger, Jr. The same issue will contain the results of an examination of the reading habits and tastes of boys in some of our chief private and public schools.

A new and revised edition of 'King's Handbook of Boston,' which has been out of print, is nearly ready for the press.

There has been much discussion of the question of cut or uncut books. The discussion had its origin, we believe, in the columns of *The Publishers' Weekly*, whose editor argues in favor of trimmed edges.

'Frederick the Great and Maria Theresa,' by the Duc de Broglie, is announced by Harper & Bros.

R. Worthington has bought the house No. 28 Lafayette Place and will convert it into a bookstore and publishing house as soon as his lease of No. 770 Broadway expires. Thus another is added to the number of publishers who have moved to this pleasant, old-fashioned street.

The third edition of 'Students' Songs,' compiled by William H. Hills, Harvard class of '80, is ready.

Mr. Alton Faunce, for several years in charge of the manufacturing department of D. Lothrop & Co.'s publishing house, has recently taken charge of the publishing department of Moses King, at Cambridge, Mass.

R. A. Proctor's 'Mysteries of Time and Space' will be published by R. Worthington next week. Mr. Worthington has added the cheap edition of Burton's 'Book Hunter,' published by Tripple of Philadelphia, to his list. This edition contains engraved copies of the portrait of Dr. Burton and the interior of his library from the recent edition-de-luxe.

The sermons delivered by the Rev. W. H. Fremantle, Rector of St. Mary's Church, London, protesting against the tendency toward ritualism and the withdrawing of the Church from the interests of secular life, have been gathered together and will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A new aspirant for the favor of the young is *Mastery*, a weekly journal of 'Useful Pastimes for Young People,' edited by Mr. James Richardson, late of *The Scientific American*. The plan of *Mastery* is good enough to make it successful in spite of its unfortunate name. It is such a paper as parents should encourage their children to read, for it teaches them all sorts of healthful and pleasurable employments.

Henry Holt & Co. will publish at once, both in their Leisure Hour and Leisure Moment Series, 'Beyond Recall,' by Adelaide Sergeant.

Booth's Theatre, which has witnessed a series of triumphs and failures since its opening by Edwin Booth, fourteen years ago, was closed to the public last Monday night. The final performance was given by Mme. Modjeska in 'Romeo and Juliet.' There have been many Juliets on the boards of this theatre, but none has invested the character with the charm of such an interesting personality. The building is to be converted into offices.

'From the Pyrenees to the Pillars of Hercules,' by Henry Day, will be published next month by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Prof. Hardy's 'But Yet a Woman' is in its fourth edition.

The illustrations for the 'Voyage of the Jeannette,' published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., will be made by M. J. Burns, the artist who accompanied Captain Hall's expedition.

The publishers of the Burlington (Iowa) *Hawkeye* are trying to increase the circulation of their paper, and have secured the services of the 'funny man' of the staff in carrying out their plans. At least we suspect Mr. Burdette of having aided and abetted the circular from which the following is cut: 'The retail price of *The Hawkeye* is two dollars a year, and this price has been rigidly adhered to, although the management well knows that the paper is worth two hundred dollars to any one with a family to raise; but, for the purpose of encouraging the rising generation, improving the morals of the community, enhancing the value of real estate, and reducing taxes, *The Hawkeye* will send every subscriber in New York, who remits two dollars, *The Hawkeye* one year, and a fine wall map of the State, mounted on rollers ready for the wall, free of expense.'

Rev. G. W. Cooke, author of an excellent work on Emerson, has written a book on George Eliot, which Osgood & Co. will publish. The same house will issue this month, by subscription only, Mark Twain's 'Life on the Mississippi,' which starts off with an edition of 50,000.

General Humphrey's book, which will close Messrs. Scribner's Campaigns of the Civil War Series, will be published shortly. It is more than double the size of the other volumes, containing 500 instead of 200 pages. Colonel Phisterer has prepared a 'Statistical Record of the War' which makes an almost indispensable companion to this series.

Dodd, Mead & Co. have just ready a limited edition (125 copies) of 'The Stone Sculptures of Copán and Quirigua,' drawn by Heinrich Meyne, with historical and descriptive text by Jules Schmidt, translated from the German by A. Duncan Savage. This firm also announces a somewhat similar work, 'The North-West Coast of America,' with colored plates, published in Germany by the Berlin Museum.

A careful and elaborate life of Iturbide, 'The Liberator,' as he is commonly called, may be soon expected from the pen of an eminent barrister in Mexico who has access to all of the archives of the family and of the government that can throw any light upon his theme. Such a work, well executed, should be timely and popular.

In an interesting article in the May *Princeton Review* on 'Art in America in 1883,' Mr. Clarence Cook alludes to Mr. Daniel Cottier as 'a singularly interesting man, who came among us about six years ago,' and who has since exerted an influence over American taste greater than that of the Society of American Artists, and 'worth far more in our education than twenty Academies.' Mr. Cook is afraid that these friendly words will offend 'a man so shy of obtruding himself upon the public notice' as Mr. Cottier—and they would certainly seem well calculated to do so.

The John Lovell Company are doing what has heretofore been considered impossible—that is, printing in a cheap 'library' the works of native authors on which they have to pay copyright. They have printed in this way Mrs. Devereux Blake's 'Woman's Place To-Day' and the Rev. R. Heber Newton's 'Right and Wrong Uses of the Bible,' and now announce 'House-Keeping and Home-Making,' by Marion Harland.

*Galvani's Messenger*, writing of Mr. Detmold's new translation of the works of Machiavelli, recently published by Osgood & Co., says that 'it has all the simple grandeur of the original.' 'Boccaccio and other contemporaries of Machiavelli wrote pompously of trivial subjects; he clothed grand ideas in simple but incomparable language; and Mr. Detmold has wrested the secret of his style from him.'

From Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. we have received copies of the *Parchment Library*. The English edition of this beautiful series differs from the American in the quality of its paper, in the width of its margins, in its ragged edges, and in the fact that it is hand-printed. Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.'s loss by the recent fire at their establishment in London is not so extensive as was at first supposed. They lost the whole of their bound stock and some MSS., but they had less stock than usual on hand, and the larger part of their MSS. was at the printer's.

The following will appear in all future volumes of the American edition of the *Imperial Dictionary*: 'Certain owners of American copyrights having claimed that undue use of matter so protected has been made in the compilation of the *Imperial Dictionary*, notice is hereby given that arrangement has been made with the proprietors of such copyright matter for the sale of this work in this country.'

Dr. Carl Abel, of Berlin, whose previous contributions to philological science have been noticed in these pages, has just given to the press five lectures delivered during the past winter in the Ilchester Course at Oxford on 'Comparative Lexicography.' His topics are 'The Slavification of the Finnish Area,' 'The Two Russian Languages,' 'The Russian Linguistic Conception of "Gentleman" and "Nobleman,"' 'The Linguistic Conception of Liberty in Russian and Polish as compared with Latin,' and 'Egyptian Inversion.' Like everything from the pen of Dr. Abel these lectures address themselves especially to the most advanced students of philological science.

'Darwin,' by Prof. Huxley and others, and 'Humboldt,' by Prof. Louis Agassiz, have been added to the Humboldt Library.

An acting version of Tennyson's 'Princess' was given by a company of clever amateurs at the Madison Square Theatre last week. The work of dramatization was done by Dr. Shields, of Princeton College, whose version would not, of course, bear comparison with that of Mr. W. S. Gilbert. The performance created considerable amusement owing to the spirited acting of Mrs. W. S. Andrews as much as to anything else, although the part of Psyche is not one to show off her talents at their best.

The justice which the legislator denies to the Indian is not denied to him by the magazinist. In the May *Century* he holds a conspicuous place in as many as three articles—'The Aborigines and the Colonists,' 'My Adventures in Zuni,' and Mrs. Jackson's paper on the Spanish missions in California; in the current monthly part of *The Continent*, there are illustrated articles on 'The Pipe of Peace' and 'A Harvest with the Taos Indians'; in the previous number the opening paper was on the Seminoles ('Isté Semoli'); and in the May *Manhattan*, Mr. F. D. Y. Carpenter treats of 'The Noble Red Man in Brazil.'

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, a wealthy iron merchant of Pittsburg, has recently made a tour in Great Britain in a coach-and-four. He took a party of friends with him, and as might be imagined they had a delightful time. Mr. Carnegie has written a description of this novel trip, which was over the country made familiar by Mr. Black's 'Strange Adventures of a Phaeton,' extending from Brighton to Inverness, a distance of 800 miles and more. The book will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons on Tuesday next, under the title 'An American Four-in-Hand in Britain.' An autotype showing the coach and its passengers will be the frontispiece.

'The Right to Bear Arms' is the title of the leading article in a recent number of *The Continent*. That 'there are scores of families in Philadelphia to-day, whose stationery is gorgeously illuminated with armorial insignia to which they have no more right than to the castles and estates of the nobility and gentry whose arms they have filched,' is the solemn conviction of the writer, Mr. Frank Willing Leach, who nevertheless reproduces for what they are worth the armorial bearings of many noted Philadelphia families—the Logans, the Penns, the Shippens, the Franklins, the Hamiltons, the Hopkinsons, the Willings, the Chews, the Gilpins, the Peningtons, the Pembertons, the Morrises, the Norrises, the Cadwaladers, the Biddles, the Boudinots, and a score or more besides.

WE UNDERSTAND that there is a collection of statues, busts and other curiosities, all antique, the property of a princely house in Rome, which can now be bought, and which is in some respects superior to anything in the Vatican or the Capitol. It is in all respects quite unique. The price goes up of course into the millions, but those who are acquainted with it say the sum is not unreasonable. And, besides, Italian prices do not, in their flexibility at least, resemble the laws of the Medes and Persians. Should any of our wealthy citizens feel themselves inspired, on reading this, with a noble ambition to do something that shall give them a fame more durable than brass, and to confer upon their country a benefaction which would make the children of countless generations rise up and call them blessed, we should be glad to hear from them.

SOME time ago we mentioned the libretto of an operetta by Mr. Charles Barnard. We have since heard the music, by Mr. Alfred Cellier. It is hardly as bright as the text, and will call for a skilful accompanist; but there is already a demand for the work, which is interesting if for no other reason than that it is issued on a new plan. The music is published and sold, but no royalty is paid to the authors. The dialogue, stage directions, etc., are in a separate book that can be leased (not purchased) from the authors. The publishers have no accounting or payments to make to the authors. Instead of receiving ten cents on every copy sold, they receive a royalty on every performance. The purchasers, on the other hand, can well afford to pay the small fee demanded, since, by so doing they obtain the exclusive right of performance in one place at one time, the leases being arranged to protect purchasers against the unpleasant competition that so often attends the production of dramatic and operatic works in this country.



WE have received the first number of *The Biographer*, a monthly whose scope is partly indicated by its name. It is printed in the form of a small pamphlet, with covers; and the sixty-four pages of text are besprinkled with wood-cuts of indifferent quality. There are thirty-five brief biographical sketches of 'eminent' persons in the present number, and the subjects have been chosen by an editor who puts no narrow construction on the qualifying adjective. Thus we have some account of the lives (with reproductions of their photographs) of Walter Q. Gresham and President Arthur, George Bliss and Alexander III., Robert Toombs and Mr. Gladstone, Edward Harrigan and Bismarck, George Munro and Charles Stewart Parnell, James B. Peck and Mr. Beecher, Edward Bliss Foote and Christine Nilsson, Louise Michel, Emily Faithfull and Judge Jeremiah Black.

'ALTHOUGH,' says *Nature*, 'the Chinese Educational Mission has been recalled from the United States before its work was done, through some fancy, we believe, that the young men composing it were becoming too republican in their ideas, yet the results have been in many respects gratifying to those who desire to see Western knowledge spread in China. The youths have been drafted to telegraph stations, arsenals, and elsewhere, and we observe that the secretary and interpreter, Mr. Kwong Ki Chin, who recently published a bulky volume of English phrases, is now preparing a series of schoolbooks for use in Chinese government schools. An English reading-book for beginners, an elementary geography, a series of conversation books, and a manual of English correspondence have either been already published, or will shortly appear.' It is Mr. Kwong Ki Chin's intention, we believe, to return to this country and continue to reside here.

THE opening article in *The Magazine of American History* for May, 'Wall Street in History,' is the first of a series by the new editor, Mrs. Martha J. Lamb. It contains fourteen illustrations, embracing quaint maps, rare portraits, and original drawings; and an essay on 'John Howard Payne, the Actor,' by Laurence Hutton, is also illustrated with an excellent portrait. The Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis contributes a suggestive article on 'Landed Gentlemen in the United States,' and 'President Buchanan Vindicated' is from the pen of Horatio King. There is also a description of 'Baron de St. Castin,' by Noah Brooks. One of the special attractions of the number is an 'Unpublished Letter of Edward Gibbon, the historian, concerning the fight at Concord.' In the department of Original Documents appears the gem of the Franklin collection, 'The Petition to the King by the Continental Congress of 1774,' illustrated with the facsimile of the signatures, which now first appears to the reading world.

THE May number of *The Manhattan* (under the managing-editorship of Mr. William Henry Forman) contains poems by R. H. Stoddard, Edith M. Thomas, and George Parsons Lathrop, stories by Mrs. Spofford, Julian Hawthorne, and others, a number of prose sketches and pictorial illustrations, and departments of Recent Literature, Town Talk and Salmagundi. The publishers of this new magazine declare that they have no intention of courting comparison with the well-established illustrated monthlies, such as *Harper's* and *The Century*. The subscription price of *The Manhattan* is a dollar less than that of the older magazines—a fact which will bring it within the reach of many who feel that they cannot afford the higher price; while there are many others who can subscribe both for the cheaper and one of the more expensive of the monthlies. There is said to be plenty of money behind the new venture. If it be judiciously expended, there is reason to believe that the investment may prove a profitable one.

#### FRENCH NOTES.

'GRANDES Dames et Pêcheresses' is the name of a historical study by M. Honoré Bonhomme (Paris: Charavay). The persons who are delineated are Mme. d'Arty, whose relations with the Prince de Conté are a matter of scandalous record, and Mme. Dupin and Mme. de la Touche, her sisters. Mme. Dupin, to whom George Sand was related, died at Chenonceau in 1799; Mme. d'Arty held her court of gallantry on the Ile-Adam where Rousseau visited her; Mme. de la Touche did little more than

complete the trio of the graces. The author also sketches Mme. de Vimeux, the friend of Voltaire, and Mme. Geoffrin and her daughter, Mme. de la Ferté Imbault, all of whom proved that the blue-stockings was not of necessity a model of propriety.

Mlle. Marie Colombier, encouraged by the success of her Bernhardt memoirs, has published a novel, 'Le Pistolet de la Petite Baronne' (Marpon and Flammarion), a work not recommended for reading in boarding-schools. Its heroine is a Slav, the Baroness de Fedenberg, who has been deprived from youth and finally shoots herself. Mlle. Colombier marches like a grenadier through the riskiest situations and scenes.—Another novel of the week is 'Les Rastaquouères,' by M. Guérin-Ginisty (Rouveyre), a sketch of the foreign birds of prey that infest Paris.

#### GERMAN NOTES.

A TRANSLATION of Prof. Villari's Machiavelli and his Times' has appeared in Germany.—'The Age of the Punic Wars,' a posthumous work by Carl Neumann, has appeared at Breslau.—'Jehovah,' by Carmen Sylva (the Queen of Roumania), has appeared in German at Leipzig.—'The Idea of Revelation in the Old Testament,' by Ed. Friedrich König, has appeared in Leipzig and 'Kant's Reflections on Critical Philosophy,' by Benno Erdmann, has recently been published in the same city.—'The Journeys of the Emperor Hadrian,' by Julius Dürr, is a recent valuable contribution to historical commentary.—'The Documents of the Counts of Lagardie in the University Library of Dorpat' have been edited by Johannes Lossius and published in Dorpat and Leipzig.

A treatise on 'The Music of the North American Savages,' by Theod. Baker, has appeared in Leipzig.—'Mein Franz,' a novel in verse, by Karl Emil Franzos, is just out.—'An Illustrated History of German Music,' by Dr. August Reissmann, is announced in Leipzig.—'Buddhism and its History in India,' by Prof. Heinrich Kern; three volumes of a revised edition of a 'Universal History,' by Georg Weber; and 'German History from the Earliest Times down to the Close of the Middle Ages in the Writing of German Historians,' by Dr. Georg Erlen, have recently appeared in Leipzig.—'The Life of Field-Marshal Count Reithardt of Gneisenau,' by Hans Delbrück, has appeared in Berlin.—'Erasmus of Rotterdam and Martinus Lipsius,' a contribution to the history of letters in Belgium, by Adalbert Horawitz, has appeared in Vienna.—'The East Lithuanian or Russian Lithuanian Writings,' with comments and introductions by Ant. Baranowski and Hugo Weber, a valuable philological work, has appeared in Weimar.

#### ITALIAN NOTES.

'ATENAIDE,' the history of a Byzantine Empress, by F. Gregorovius, has appeared in Turin in an Italian translation by Raffaele Mariano. 'Da Libri e Manoscritti,' by Giuseppe Biadego, is a collection of fourteen essays on subjects connected with the history and literature of the provinces of Venice and Verona, published by Münster of Verona.—'Alla Conquista del Pane,' by Paolo Valera, published in Milan, is a novel of the Zolaesque school, setting forth the experiences of a youth who leaves his native village and goes to a large city to earn his living.—'Da Quarto al Faro,' by G. C. Alba, is a graphic account of the expedition of the Thousand in Sicily with Garibaldi.—Oreste Tommasini is publishing through the house of Loescher the first volume of 750 pages of an important work on 'The Life and Writings of Niccolò Machiavelli in their Relation with Machiavellism.' This work won the prize offered by the Commune of Florence on the fourth centenary of the birth of Machiavelli.—Cesare Cantù the historian, now 79 years of age, has been presented with a gold medal, purchased by subscriptions raised among the most eminent men of Italy.—The publishing house of Treves in Milan announces for 1883 novels and other works by Mascotti, Rovetta Barrili, Verga, Camillo Boito, Capranica, Ciampoli, Grandi, Castelnuovo, Malamani, Bonfadini, D'Ancona, Carlo del Balzo, and some translations from Ouida.

Zola's latest novel, 'Au Bonheur des Dames,' has been published in an Italian translation under the title 'Il Paradiso delle Signore.'—An Italian translation of the 'Stories of the Ukraine' of the Russian author Nicholas Gogol has recently appeared in Florence.—An illustrated Sunday edition of the *Gazzetta del Popolo*, of Turin, to be literary and scientific in character, has just been begun.

## RUSSIAN NOTES.

'OUTLINES of the History of the Districts on the Shores of the Baltic Sea,' by M. P. Solovieff, is a valuable contribution to historical literature, the first part of which has just appeared in St. Petersburg.——'Rodnaia Starina,' by V. D. Sipovski, is an important work on the picturesque features of ancient Russia, of which a second and improved edition has just appeared in St. Petersburg.——Kostomarov's historical study of Mazeppa, which appeared originally in the *Rousskii Misl*, is spoken of by the *Viestnik Evropii* as a valuable addition to Russian historical literature.——An interesting work, just published in St. Petersburg, is a history of the publishing and bookselling firm of Glazounoff, of Moscow and St. Petersburg, during the hundred years of its existence, 1782-1882. The firm celebrated its centenary last year.

## Science

## "American Hero-Myths."\*

TO TRACE the origin of the innumerable myths which make up the mythology, theology and folk-lore of all the nations of this terrestrial globe would be an impossible and useless undertaking, if they were not susceptible of systematic classification by comparative mythology. By classifying myths from the analogies they bear to each other, we are enabled to show the identity of origin in myths belonging to nations widely distant from each other in space as well as disparate in intellect, and also the early identity of apparently different myths belonging to the same people. This comparative method is carried very far, and we think too far, in the numerous productions of the ethnologist, Dr. Adolf Bastian, but Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, in his recent 'American Hero-Myths,' has applied it soberly and to a moderate extent, and backed it by solid research in the original authors. But in mythology even the closest and most obvious comparisons will never produce uniformity of opinion among readers, because the supernatural, which is the essence of myth, is also the fanciful, and admits various interpretations. The hermeneutic principle of one mythologist will not fully satisfy another mythologist, because the principles of neither can be shown to be true by some incontrovertible proof or test, as would be that of mathematics. Thus the culture-heroes, of whom one or several are found in almost all the Indian tribes, are regarded by some as real, historic rulers and benefactors of mankind, while others regard them as euhemerized and half fictive, or as wholly fictitious and representing some natural energy in personified form. Dr. Brinton considers them to be different forms of the God of Light, analogous to some Aryan deities (Sarameya, Hermes, etc.), though in many instances we would prefer to see in them personifications of the celestial orbs or of some brilliant star, because light is not a thing *existing by itself*, but emanating from some celestial body.

Dr. Brinton believes that the Rabbit ('Michabu') so prominent in Algonkin and Odshibive mythology, is equal to 'missi wabu,' and means the 'great light of the dawn,' and that at some period the precise meaning of the former words was lost, the Rabbit with its paronymic name being substituted for it. But the Rabbit cycle-of-myths is not at all confined to the tribes of Algonkin affinity. We find it among the Mississippi Dakotan tribes also, for an Omaha myth published by Rev. O. Dorsey bears the title: 'How the Rabbit Killed the Male Winter' (*American Antiquarian*). The Rabbit among all these tribes is simply the sun of spring-time—the sun with its warmer rays, symbolized by the rabbit because in spring this animal reappears first on

the western plains, still clad in its white wintry fur, which changes afterward to a more dusky color. As far as the interpretation of the proper names of deities is concerned, the proposed meanings are plausible and often quite novel. Tollan, the city of Quetzalcoatl and of the Toltecs, is to him not the little town of Tula, north-west of Mexico, but the 'Place of the Sun,' being a contraction of 'tonatlan.' We cannot, however, give our assent to his opinion that the Toltecs are a purely mythic people, representing merely the *sunrays*; for we have an ancient list of their rulers, all of whom have names taken from the Aztec language.

## Scientific Notes.

FOR Baron Nordenskjöld's coming expedition to Greenland, a flying-machine is being constructed in Gothenburg. The apparatus is the invention of a Swedish engineer, Herr A. Montén, who is now constructing it at the expense of Dr. Oscar Dickson.

The argus ocellatus, based originally on some tail-feathers, has recently been found in the interior of Tonquin, and is found to differ generically from the argus pheasant, not having the long secondaries nor lengthened median tail-feathers of the latter. The genus is called *reinhardius*.

The orbit of the great comet of 1882 has been calculated by Dr. H. Kreutz, of Berlin, in the *Astronomische Nachrichten*. It has a period of 843.1 years, and its perihelion distance (Sept. 17th) was about 716,000 miles. Notwithstanding the comet's near approach to the sun, no essential disturbance of its orbit appears to have resulted. The determination by Dr. Kreutz agrees quite well with that of Prof. Frisby.

A catalogue of the Batrachia gradientia *S. caudata* and *B. apoda* in the collection of the British Museum, prepared by Mr. G. A. Boulenger, has been published by the Trustees of the Museum. One hundred and one species of gradientia (salamanders, sirens, etc.) are recognized, as well as thirty-two species of apoda (cæcilians). These numbers collectively are about twice as great as those admitted a quarter of a century ago.

Miss Dr. Howard, an American female physician, has attended the mother of Li Hung Chang, the Chinese Viceroy, and is now treating the wife of the same high official. The fame of this lady appears to have spread far and wide over North China, and she is flooded with applications for assistance and advice from the women of wealthy families, who would die rather than be treated by a foreign male physician. 'It looks,' says *Nature*, 'as if the various countries of the East offered an almost inexhaustible field for women possessing medical knowledge and skill.'

## The Fine Arts.

## "Velasquez and Murillo."\*

THE production of such a book as this must be held to prove the existence of a deep and permanent interest in art in the community that is expected to furnish buyers of it. There are said to be seven Murillos and seven pictures by Velasquez in the United States, but even if all are owned separately, which is not likely, the number of those who can have seen them must be small. The number of travelled Americans who care much for such matters has never been supposed to be great. Yet both publisher and author must have felt sure that there is here a considerable class of students of art (not art-students) and collectors of the first grade, to whom such a work would be useful, if not valuable. The volume bears most emphatic testimony to the existence of that class given by people who ought to know. We are glad to receive it and to believe in it; for as there can be no sound progress in art without a proper appreciation of the great works of past times, the multiplication of those who can and do devote time and money to the

\* American Hero-Myths. By D. G. Brinton. Philadelphia: H. C. Watts & Co.

\* Velasquez and Murillo: a descriptive and historical catalogue. By Chas. B. Curtis. New York: J. W. Bouton.



study of the masterpieces of painters like Murillo and Velasquez is to be hailed with great satisfaction.

The book is purely one for the student or the collector. The ordinary skimmer of artist biographies and similar light reading will have nothing to do with it. It gives what appears to be a very full catalogue of known and authentic works of the two great Spanish painters, not critical but minutely descriptive; and each notice is followed by an account of the various sales that the picture has passed through and the notices of it that have appeared in other publications. A list is appended of doubtful works, pictures by pupils or copyists, photographs and engravings, and of undoubted originals of the masters which are now lost or non-existent. A long preface contains many curious facts about the painters and their works which could not properly be wrought into the body of the book. One of the most remarkable of these is contained in the tabulated list of prices on page XXIII., by which it appears that until about thirty years ago no picture of Velasquez had ever sold for more than £300, while Murillo's work had always brought very high prices. The author seems inclined to think that saleability is a good criterion of the meritoriousness of a work of art, and in this case we agree with him. Velasquez is the painter's painter; Murillo is every man's artist.

The amount of labor necessary to collect what is original in this volume and to verify and correct the greater part, which a common book-maker would have taken on trust, must have been very great. It was, of course, a labor of love, for it would be preposterous to expect any adequate pecuniary return for such work.

#### Industrial Art in Schools.\*

SPITE of some faults of wording and some not easily intelligible theories, Mr. Leland's pamphlet is a sensible and should be a useful little work. The method of teaching decorative outline drawing to children, described on page 11, is based on common-sense and a just idea of what ornament really is,—play for the eye and mind and hand. That this play should have its logic is as certain as that gymnastics or dancing or any other free exercise should have its rules. Mr. Leland seems to have a good perception of what these rules are in the case of ornamental designing. Every ornament is an application of geometrical form, or natural, or the form of some artificial object applied to a thing in order to beautify it. These three sources are drawn from in his system. He is quite right, too, in maintaining that children are capable, if properly taught, of designing and carrying out very beautiful decorative work, and that much of the admirable work of this sort that we get from the East is produced by children and women of almost childish intelligence. That distinguishing mark of high-class work which we call 'character' or 'style' is, of course, not to be looked for from a child; but a girl of ten or twelve, taught, according to the rules here given, by a competent teacher, and with none but good models before her eyes, should produce far more valuable work than is now turned out by the thousands of young ladies who have turned their untrained energies in this direction.

#### The Drama

'THE CAPE MAIL,' by Clement Scott, and 'The Snowball,' by Sydney Grundy, were produced on Monday at Wallack's Theatre. 'Both,' says the *Sun*, 'were well

received.' That is perfectly true. Some people cried over the news brought in by 'The Cape Mail'; some people laughed at the rolling of 'The Snowball.' Others there were who yawned at the one, and were indifferent to the other. The weeping and the laughter were noisier than the yawns, and for that reason the pieces were 'well received.' If hissing were in fashion, it would have been quite the other way. Personally we wish it were, for to us the plays were as near the verge of absolute imbecility as anything which Mr. Wallack has imported from England.

Mr. Clement Scott, author of 'The Cape Mail,' is editor of *The Theatre*, dramatic critic of *The Daily Telegraph*, and was the plaintiff in a notable libel suit against *The Referee*. His functions in journalism have enabled him, besides some adaptations presented under a pseudonym, to place before the public a series of one-act translations, of which the best is 'Off the Line,' written for Mr. J. L. Toole. The key-note of them all is pathos. Most of them turn on pious frauds. Their personages are intelligent relatives who, to restore a lunatic to health, or to arrest a case of galloping consumption, or to revive a person on the point of death, contrive elaborate fictions which do equal credit to their invention and their heart. Abroad, where such devices may, for aught we know, be common, plays of this class have a certain popularity. In America, where it is more usual to call in the doctor, they seem a little ridiculous.

'The Cape Mail' is a version, very poorly made, of 'Jeanne Qui Pleure et Jeanne Qui Rit,' and that, in turn, is built on the last act of 'Les Crochets du Père Martin' which, as 'The Porter's Knot,' used to be popular in England. Tradition says that one of the finest effects of Robson, the comedian, was found in his reading the son's imaginary letter to his blind mother. In Mr. Scott's play this scene is frittered away, and the motive is altogether inadequate. The hero of the piece is supposed to have been killed at Isandula, and the news is kept from his mother, who is old and blind. Old and blind as she is, she is not so physically weak that the shock of the intelligence would kill her. Her daughter and daughter-in-law, however, affect to think it would be fatal; and they deliberate by what means they may save her. They pretend in her presence to be extravagantly gay; they tell her that they go nightly to balls; they not only tell her so, but they go; and, though the blind mother is at home and in bed, they dance so furiously that the friends of the family are scandalized. How their neighbors came to invite them, we will not pause to inquire. No doubt it is usual in London to summon to banquets and dances the wives and sisters of men whose deaths have just been officially gazetted. Strange, passing strange, are the ways of English society, as delineated by English playwrights, and presented at Wallack's Theatre.

Another mail arrives from the Cape, and word is brought that the hero is not dead. He was taken prisoner on the battle-field, entertained by hospitable Zulus in their kraals, lived on the fat of the land, and had thoughts of applying for the vacant throne of King Cetewayo. Thoughts of home, however, restrained his ambition, and he wrote to the family lawyer to announce his return. Unfortunately, before the letter is brought to the house, his wife has been hinting to his mother that he is dead. So they have to contrive another plot to let her know that he is alive, and the worthy lady passes through a succession of shocks, any one of which ought to have killed her if she were as weak as the author supposes. Far from killing her, they put

\* Circulars of Information of the Bureau of Education. No. 4. 1882. Industrial Art in Schools. By Chas. G. Leland, of Philadelphia. Washington Govt. Printing Office.

her in excellent spirits, and she bears herself so well that at the end of the play most of the audience are convinced that there is not a genuine tear in it. When George d'Alroy, in 'Caste,' comes home from the war, Polly Eccles performs the brisk little comedy which makes the subsequent meeting of husband and wife unutterably pathetic. That is drama. When the hero of 'The Cape Mail' is expected, his relatives weep, sob, faint, pray, go into hysterics, and conduct themselves like a band of howling dervishes or a detachment of the Salvation Army. That is not drama: it is drivel.

Next came 'The Snowball,' a farce in three acts, which was performed some years ago and passed unnoticed. We looked for this play with curiosity because a Mr. William Archer, who has published a book called 'English Dramatists of To-day,' extols its author as the first of contemporary English playwrights, and we were anxious to see what the first of contemporary English playwrights could do. Mr. Archer carefully defines the gifts and aims of his friend. Mr. Grundy is not a mere wit, like Sheridan; indeed, he disdains to be. He is not a mere creator of character, like Foote, Holcroft, the Colmans; he respects his art too much. He is not a mere weaver of ingenious plots, like Mr. Boucicault; his purpose is far too moral. But in that species of drama which gets along perfectly well without dialogue, character, or story, Mr. Grundy has no rival on the English stage. At least, so says Mr. Archer.

'The Snowball' is our very old friend 'Oscar,' the best-known of all Scribe's farces. In how many forms it has been presented on the English stage no man knoweth. It is the delight of the sucking dramatist; it is the india-rubber ring on which the infant playwright tries his teeth. Mr. Grundy, we learn from Mr. Archer, is thirty-five years old, and that any grown man of thirty-five, clothed and in his right mind, should, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, produce 'Oscar' as a new play, is as extraordinary as to see him playing with a rattle. If he had treated it as Mr. Boucicault would have treated it; if he had made the personages individual as even a lesser Foote would have made them; then he might have revised the piece with credit. But Sheridan and Foote he despises. Mr. Boucicault he would not own as a fellow-worker in his craft. So poor old 'Oscar' totters out on the stage, toothless and decrepit, having long outlived the generation which gave him birth, rubbing his bleared old eyes, feeling his long white hair, a Rip van Winkle of a comedy.

For the benefit of those who have forgotten his sad story we will here set it down, borrowing the names employed by Mr. Sydney Grundy. Mr. Felix Featherstone goes to a risky play, 'just to see, you know, if it is—precisely so,' and does not tell his wife. Mrs. Felix Featherstone also goes to the risky play, 'just to see, you know, if it is—precisely so,' and does not tell her husband. He sees her, but does not tell her so. She sees him, but does not tell him so. By way of a joke he sends her a note from an imaginary lover. By way of a joke she replies to it in the name of her maid Penelope. Thus Mr. Featherstone falls into the power of three persons. His Uncle John, an old gentleman from the country, believes him to be conducting an intrigue with Penelope, and threatens to betray him if he does not consent to the marriage of his ward and a friend of Uncle John. Mr. Harry Prendergast, who is engaged to his ward, threatens to betray him if he does not consent to their union. Penelope, prompted by Mrs. Featherstone, bullies him into abject submission to her whims, and the single joke of the piece is found to be

that Penelope, who perpetually threatens to reveal that she 'knows everything,' knows nothing.

Thirty or forty years ago there might have been matter in 'The Snowball' for a brief act. Half of it would have turned on the discomfiture of the husband, the other half on the discomfiture of the wife. There might have been thirty minutes of entertainment in the whole thing. This was subsequently shown in 'Le Roi Candale,' of Meilhac and Halévy. In these days, however, French farce has expanded. Labiche has shown that it may be witty. Many ingenious writers have shown that it may be full of character. How brisk it has grown 'The Great Divorce Case' ('Le Procès Veauradieux'), now played by Mr. Wyndham, gives abundant evidence. And if, in its latter phase, it is not worth bringing to America what shall be said of it in its earlier phase? Mr. Grundy may do better work. He is lucky to find in Mr. Wallack a manager who produces foreign trash, no matter how poor it may be. He is unlucky to find in Mr. Archer a critic who encourages him to pursue a dramatic path which never yet led to success. If he will take our advice he will get rid of Mr. Archer and cleave to Mr. Wallack; for Mr. Archer represents a fairly numerous class of critics, and among American managers, now that Mr. Palmer has withdrawn, Mr. Wallack is absolutely unique.

### Music

#### Last Concert of the Symphony Society.

ANOTHER society gave its final concert of the season last week. The difference between the first and the sixth public appearance of the Symphony Society was so marked that Dr. Damrosch commands our heartiest commendation. Heavily handicapped at the beginning by the defalcation of some of his most valued members, struggling not only against inward dissension but also against outside adverse criticism and prejudice, the conductor has managed in some degree to vanquish both by dint of hard work and artistic fervor. It will be found next season that the open hostility between the Symphony and the Philharmonic Societies, however much it may be deplored on personal grounds, will have resulted for the public in the benefit of having two leading symphonic orchestras in place of what was practically one, though known by two different names. The concert of last Friday pointed the fact that his strings are Dr. Damrosch's strongest point, and that his horns and wood are at times still painfully ragged. The material, however, is good, and next winter will in all probability see a still more marked improvement all round. After the surfeit we have had lately of highly-spiced and seasoned 'latter-day' music, it was a relief to have a bill-of-fare set before us which was simple but substantial and satisfying. Haydn's delightful Symphony in G, though played with a tendency to linger at times, was yet given with the grace and sweetness which characterize it as a composition. The next orchestral number was Max Bruch's Adagio for violoncello and orchestra, which was led by the composer in person. The rather mournful and subdued melodic beauty of the composition did not altogether change our opinion that it is rather to his skill as a conductor than to his originality as a composer that Herr Bruch owes his celebrity. Musically seems to be the highest term that can be applied to his work. Beethoven's Fifth Symphony served to mark forcibly the defects as well as the excellences of conductor and orchestra; but it was thoroughly enjoyable, as even with worse treatment such a noble work could not fail to be.